 *A pleasant new Fancie*
of a fondlings device:

Intitled and cald

THE NVRCERIE
of names.

Wherein is presented (to the
order of our Alphabet) the
brandishing brightnes of our
English Gentlewomen.

Contrived and written, in this
last time of vacation: and now first
published and committed to
printing, this present
month of mery May.

By *Guillam de Warrino.*

Imprinted at London by
Richard Ihores, dwelling ouer
against the signe of the Faucon.
neere Holburne Bridge.

1581.

G. STEEVENS.

¶ Carmen de Puellis.

Dulce Puella malum, sed in hoc quod dulce probamus,
 Quod mala, sume breuem: fit minus inde malum.
 Dulce malum superat, merito mala leta sequuntur,
 Non nisi facta malis ad bona recta via est.
 Ipsa sed audita vox est odiosa puella,
 Forte futura dea est, ergo puella placet.

Carmen de Pulchritudine.

Pulchra placent superis, calum splendore notatum est,
 Quid vetat in pulchro, Pulchra latere sinu?
 Omne etiam vultu vicium natura notauit,
 Omne notat vultu latificante decus.
 Aspice, nec timeas opus ostentare deorum,
 Forma dei munus, forma in amore Deo est:
 Quid facit humana sursum speculatio frontis?
 Quid facit in rabidis prona figura feris?
 Nempe homines sublime petunt calumque tuentur,
 Non nisi terra feris prospicienda subest.
 Nunc ea quæ vultu vite speculamine vincit,
 Prasagit mores candida forma pios.
 Laude operis laudem recipit laudabilis author,
 Ergo puellarum gloria, magna dei est.

¶ Allusions or Posies.

Confusum natura nihil,
 Formosis natura fauet.
 Bon fembell fortune.
 Fancie makes Beautie.
 Quæ pulchra beata est.

κάλλος γυναικῶν τῆς ἀρετῆς ἐξῆς
 Ἐνὼμι-ν καλλεὺς τῆς ἀρετῆς πρᾶξις.
 ὡς αὖτε ἀνθρώπων ἀρετὴ καὶ κάλλος ἐπὶ τῇ
 ὁλοῦς οἱ τῶτων ἀμφοτέρου εἰλκευ.
 εἰογνίς. A.ii.

¶ Carmen de poesi et cultoribus eiusdem.

Approbent letam iuuenes poesim,
Ipsa letatur iuuenilis etas,
Approbent lætos faueantq; toto
corde poetis.

Illa turbata medicina mentis
Dulce lenimen stomacho ministrat,
Vinitur risu melius dolorum
pondere lassus.

Quumq; sit vita sibi nullus usus
Efficit viuos alios legendo,
Efficit fortes tolerare longa
Tædia vite.

Conspici tantum placida est tabella,
Influit mentem salibus poesis,
Picta delectat, solet esse vinis
Vina voluptas.

Vincit ars aurum celebresq; gemmas
Siue Pæctoli fuerint vel Hermi,
Vincit ars vaturn, Iouis et deorum.
sacra Coronas.

Cuncta debemus lepida poesi,
Adde nos ipsos teneramq; vitam,
Vita? quid vita est? nisi forte vaturn
Scena piorum.

The Proæme, to the Gentlemen Readers.



Alexander the great, sonne unto Phillip King of Macedonia, when his counterfait should be made, would be painted of none but one lie of *Apelles*, nor graue of any but onelie of *Lisippus*: which Princelie magnanimitie haue somewhat restrained the liberty of my minde frō the loue of inditing. But as I would not incurre the rebuke of idlenes, so I would if I could be praysed for my paines. The *Persians* were curious and precise in their Court, that none might be suffered to counge before the Kinge, where his roiall presence might be fauored with despight: but in those that do wright, the faultes of misfortune are not to be accoumpted, and the errors of the Penne should be easely pardoned. It was ordered and obserued in the towne of *Athens*, that none should pronounce the praise of their Auncestours: of their inward integritie I cannot coniecture, but their opēvncurtessie I may not commend: for their pride would not suffer, or authoritie allowe, that the praise of their elders should be measured with speache, if their praises were such as could not be comprehended, at least with goodwill, they should not be offended. The lawes of *Lycurgus* be more fauourable vnto vs which for auoiding of idlenes, haue giuen vs leaue to be honestly imploied: & though barberous people wil receiue no ciuilitie, we be here in England intertainers of curtesie. My furie is such in the furtheraunce hereof, that it regardeth nothing in respect of my fansie, & the beauty of these women haue such puissant preheminance to draw me ther-vnto, that the deserts of *Libia*, and the Fennes of *Lerna*, the *Trojan* warres and the *Grecian* victories are but small in

The Proæme to the Reader.

comparison and vnable for promotion, to reduce me from the one and leade me to the other. I knowe, loouing Readers, what a taske I retaine when I tooke into my handes the possession of my penne : for as soone as I made my entry vnto wrighting, I discovered the path to slander and rebuke but euen as for you I must suffer some conflict by my entraunce into listes, so I hope by your good will to receiue a conquest in the purchase of my praise. More is the merite of a Poet pleasing, then a Parasite enuying, or of envie slandering, for that people be caried as much into folly, as the minde of the wrighter aspires vnto dignitie. Slander is that which sleas without wounding, and wounds without striking, against which, there is nothing that preuaileth but patience: for *Socrates* being mockt and scorned on a Stage did esteeme the rebuke as the appulse of the ayre and beating of the wynde, but it made *Polyagrus* for a foolish conceipt to caper in a string. It is neede to beware from the slander of *Sycophantes*, whose tongues be attrite in blemishing the praise of their honourable equals, and as most of their sect are hidden in hoales and secret in reproach, so none of their societie but is hurtfull in continuance and desperate in defiance. It were better (quoth *Diogenes*) to faule amongst Crows then the multitude of slanderers, for that Crows and Rauens do but snatch and praye vppon carcases that be deade, but the blasphemous person is bitter in report against liuely bodies. Bookes and a packe, and cheeses and bookes, were compared to gether in *Lillye* and *Heywood*, to the one for aspectantes to the other for opinions : for no sooner imprinted, but they are sudenly bought, and no sooner
read

The Proæme to the Reader.

reade ouer ; but as diuersly tossed or contemptiously reiected. The Rose in the morning do profit with his bud, at noone with his blossome, at night with his leaues ; and though Ladies reiect them when their colour is gon , yet housewives will vse them for the Limbeck or the Still. No booke in the world but the matter or the words may profit or delight and none in the world , but is cheefely esteemed for the dignitie of the one , and the ornament of the other. As cōcerning the phrase, I refer me vnto you for the estimation thereof, but as touching the argument, I assure it most excellent for the praise of the parties contained therein : which although they be strainge and remooued from the courte, yet their countenaunce is such as deserues to be insigned with the colours of Art, & figured and adorned with the flowers of speach, and culture of Rethoricke. Expect not I pray you , for more at my hands , then my slender habilitie is sufficient to perfourme: for if you looke for a high and stiled Oration, in truthe I bring fourth and doo offer as it were to the eyes of the learned but an humble gratulation: and as *Virgiles* Mousse in the obsession of the hillès, prouoakte but a laughture , so I pray you giue me leaue , that although you haue read *Pericles* thundering, it may please you to giue eye to *Cherilus* imblazing. You shall see manie times a Pie amongst Partridges , a Partridge amongst Larkes, and a Larke amongst Nitingales , so I pray giue me leaue like a gagling Goose to be streapering with Swans. The pleasure which might growe to the inhabitants of my countrie, the importunitie of my freends & my owne oportunitie haue moued my minde to
accom-

The Proæme to the Reader.

accomplish this charge, and so farre mooued that I could not remooue it from the siege of my memory, the credit of your curtesies haue increased my desire: in regard whereof, I trust you will reade me with more facilitie of fauour. It is not the confidence reposed in my wit which induced me to wright, but the sharpe suggestion of my simple conscience which will not suffer me to hyde any secret from your eyes: If perchaunce you approoue my dewty with your prayse, you may happely prouoke me to a harder enterpryse of more difficult inducours: You heare me not as yet in the tenour of my voice, but a little tidlinge of the pleasure of my vaine: and as for these Gētlewomen, whose Imblazure I professe, it were great pittie, & too much impietie, that their names should be lost & buried in obliuio.

I pray you (good Gentelmen) if you see any faultes
slipt ouer with my eye or neglected in the print,
to reforme them by the way: and for my
part, as I see not very far in a Mil-
stone, so I may be deceiued in
the very first point of my
beautiefull begin-
ninge.

Your assured friend.
W. Warren. Gent.

¶ To the Gentlewomen of Englande,
Arguments of this worke, the Author here-
of giueth this present Appostraphce.

F*Aire Gentlewomen, whose liberall*
aspects doo make you so amiable, to all that
behold you, I pray you to beare with my
rude simplicitie, that so boldly presuming, I haue see-
me dō to treat of so manifold a matter as your excel-
lent beauty. But because that I know that the nature
of a woman is a spring vnto praise, I haue thought it
my dutie to commend you for that wherein you doo
seeme rather admirable to vs. I must easely confesse
þ my skil in indighting is but little or none, but how
great and sufficient soeuer it be, I would willingly
imploye the best of my paines to the benefite of your
praise. I pray you consider, in what perilous state (of
rigorous restraints) we stand that be wziters, and
how farre we doo hazard our owne estimation for
your opinion: but when all is doone, we shall doo but
our dueties, and when all is ended our rewarde will
bee small. Well, I pray you to remember your pooze
Poet, and your olde friend, and (at least) recompence
me with a liberall countenance, which if you per-
for me, you shall easely binde me with incomperable
bandes, and aduaunce vnto minde some per-
petuall remembrance of your mani-
fould beneuolence.

W. VV.

B.i.

The

¶ The Nurserie of Names, according
to the order of our common Alphabet.

¶ Anne.	Luce.
Bridget.	Margaret.
Clare.	N.
Doritha.	Olyffe.
Elizabeth.	Phrisevit.
Francisca.	Q.
Grace.	Rose.
Honour.	Susanne.
Iane.	Thomasen.
Katherin.	Vrsula.

*Nomina conspiciens utinam quoq; cerneret ipsas.
Cerneret etherei lumina blandapoli:
O bene si videat, iurabit quantulus ille est,
Tam bene conspicuas fulguris esse faces.*

HERE BEGINNETH
the booke of the Nurcerie of
names: wherein is presented, the
brandishing brightnes of our English Gentle
women: deuised and written for priuate
delightes, and polished and exor-
ned for the publike commo-
dities of the manifould
aspectants.

ANNE.



Anne is the offspring of my verse,
Anne giues me good successe:
Her beauty the her beauties fame,
is rather more then lesse.
By her I may the better speake,
of all the rest behinde:
For Anne haue plenty of delightes,
to please the pensue minde,
By her example all the reste,
may frame their faces new,
Which is the creame of Venus chéekes,
and chéese of natures hewe:
What mayde but she in all the towne,
for personage doo excell:
By prayse you mounte vnto the skyes,
and in the heauens doo dwell.
Your witching face the gazers eyes,
with beauty doo inchaunt:
And climbing vp the misty cloudes,
the wondering Spheares doo daunt.
The whirling Globe is in a maze,
and ringing signes doo stand:

15.ii.

The abod-
ment of
beauty
according
to the
manner of
the aunci-
ent Poets.

Venus the
Ladie of
Loue.

To

Anne.

To see your shape the precious worke,
 of natures skilfull hande:
 By staires of prayse you passe the cloudes,
 to Ioues imperiall seate.
 Wher as your beauty strikes the Goddes,
 into a burning heate:
 By ladders made of beauties roundes,
 your prayse doo climbe the skye.
 And couching cloase his stately head,
 In Venus lappe doo lye.
 Sumtimes the gentle birdes, her dooues,
 bewicht with heauenly face:
 Doo build bypon your preaty lippes,
 with their Chaonian grace.
 Sumtimes the Peacock spreades his tayle,
 before your heauenly bewe:
 And honours with his paynted plumes,
 Quene Iunos sainte in you.
 Take bowe and shaftes, you may be thought,
 Diana Quene of woodes:
 Take penne, Minerva ritche in bookes,
 and vertues valuinge goodes.
 Take neede, faire Semirmais,
 whome talking fame doo blaze:
 A peece of price, on whome the Goddes,
 with wonderinge eyes may gaze.
 Your face is like the glimering gleames,
 that Phebus fier doo yeald:
 Like Didos, which to Phrygian fraude,
 gaue vp the Tyrrhian seeld.
 Like Snadas and Hyellas bewe,
 whose beauties bzaue consent:
 Had gazers, Kinges: and prayrsers, Lordes:
 and followers where thei wente
 Such weare Alcumenas cherrye chakes,
 such faire Auroras face,

The Cul-
 uar, Venns
 Birde.

The Pea-
 cock, Iunos.

Diana a
 Huntresse
 Goddesse.
 Symiramis
 a sylke wo-
 man quene
 of Babilon.
 Phæbus for
 the sunne.
 Dido a
 Carthagian
 Quene,
 flattered of
 Aneas.
 Alcumena.
 Amphitrion
 his wife.
 Aurora
 Tythonus
 wife.

Such

Anne.

Such Leda, whom the Letcher, Ioue,
in fethers did imbrace:
Such Helens and Lucinas lookes,
such Hebes heauenly beue,
Such all the Starres and heauenly Lampes,
and none so faire as you:
Sumtimes I see to spozte them selues,
the Fairies hauntes the grounde.
So faire a face amongst the Pymphes,
is seldome sitting found:
No moztall creature sure on earth,
so represents the sunne,
Thzough out her partes, the cunning poyntes,
of natures arte are runne:
Anne is the mayd which bnto all,
do leaue no hope of prayse.
Anne is the mayd which for them selues,
the Goddes did only raise:
Anne is the mayd which if we weare,
an Angell in the skye.
Shee could no better please the pryde,
of euery pregnant eye:
Such is her grace, as to her grace,
the Graces seeme to yelde.
So soone of silly plodding Pymphes,
a Muse obtaynes the feld:
Such is her prayse, as no reporte,
canne blaze her name at large,
It is no lesse then all the rest,
that yet remaines in charge,

Leda a com-
panion of
Ioue.
Hellen the
wife of
Menelaus.
Lucina pre-
sedent of
childbirth.
Hebe
youthfull.

The Gra-
ces Aglaia,
Thalia, Eu-
phrosyne.

B.iiij

BRIDGET.

BRIDGET.



Come Bridget, let me come to thee,
for thou art faire in deede:

To Bridgets prayse as vnto Ioues,
in verse I must procede.

When Bridget was but newly bozne,
there rose a blazing starre:

To shewe that Bridgets noble name,
Should be renowned farre.

Their rose a tree which other trees,
did seme to ouershade:

Which shewes the power aboue the rest,
whereto her limmes were made.

What better shewe of noble birth,
then this thy face may be:

The fates contri'de within her twig,
to proue a fruitfull tree.

Such Oliues greene such spreading Vines,
such Bayes must needs be good:

Her buds and blofomes plainely proues,
shée is a Cipresse woode.

If Bridget had not yett ben bozne,
dame Nature might complaine:

And beauty had ben blasted cleane,
by force of smarting paine.

Shée came to rayse the outwoyne stock,
of beauties banefull betwe:

And when she thought to rayse the olde,
she did vpreare a newe.

She only haue the harts of Kinges,
and rulers in her hand:

Shée makes them at Medusas head,
like Scythian stones to stand.

Shée only is the Phoenix faire,
that robbes our youthfull time:

With her the dayes doo steale away,
to darke and mistie rime.

The Planets of
power in
child birth.

Missions
approoued
forceable.

Nature
intendes
the like.

Cipres a
sweete
woode.

Medusa a
Gorgon
hampere
with
Snakes.
Phoenix a
Birde of
Aribia.

Bridget.

To her the Starres like Candles seemes,
the day like vapours dimme:
She is the deapth of Natures art,
well made in euery limme,
The twinckling starres they be her eyes,
the Are her princely chaire:
The distant poles her distant seates,
wherto she makes repaire.
The rare disposing of the signes,
declares her beauty bright:
The Gloabe her corpes, wherto her workes,
contriues a radiant light.
Shée keeps a course in all her doedes,
and orders euery spheare:
Shée puts degrees of fiery flames,
which Atlas Ozinkes to beare,
Her Sunne subdues the lesser Starres,
and sets the moone be lowe:
And makes the fier and chryssall spheares,
betwene them both to go.
Shée calles the ayrie Clouds betwene,
which mighty windes may drie:
And makes the day to flye away,
as if it weare alie.
Her body is but like a Gloabe,
whose parts doo well agree:
And when I thinke on Natures pointes,
they are compacte in thee.
No body haue so cumely parts,
no body made so well:
That in her brest and liuely lmines,
Concordia seemes to dwell.
The loue of Venus are her bookes,
& the Muses tunes her talke:
Thzough euery vaine with colour blewe,
Narcissus seemes to walke,

B.iiij.

A discripti-
on of the
Gloabe of
heauen, and
comparison
of their
places,
with the
body of
Birdget.

Atlas an A-
stronomer
maister
vnto
Hercules.

The
Moone
lowest.
The inter-
position of
the fyrie
Element,
the Chri-
stall Ele-
ment the
Cloudes,
winde and
ayze be-
twen the
sunne and
the moone.

The
Gloabe
round and
like a ball.

Narcissus
the flower

As




de Luce,
transferrd
into it by
Appollo.

Honour the
handmaide
vnto Beau-
tie.

Bridget.

As for the rest although I speake,
my witnesse is but small:
And shee is greater then my wordes,
and more then speeches all.

CLARE.

Why should not Clare amongst the rare,
admaunce her noble name:
What lets the faire to gather prayse,
and glozie of the same,
Why should not Honor haunte her best?
Why should not Clare be first?
It is no shame for noble dames,
for noble styles to thirst:
Though order brings her to be third,
and that she sayles in time,
Her noble vertues may be first,
and visage boyde of crime:
Ah Goddess, what beauty thryne her face,
what concord bindes her best?
What rowling eyes? what burginge pappes,
what shoulders lowe depeest.
What order knits her liuely limmes
how althings brought in square:
How Nature haue enricht her corps,
with giftes and graces rare:
What quadrant quarters haue compact:
what legges and tresses straight?
No wrinkles wrappes her eauen coate,
no foule vnsoyled platch.
No freating moth or cankers rust,
her beauty seemes to ease:
But althings to her cumly corpes,
are cooped faire and neate.

She

Clare.

She is no such as Flora was,
 of common faith to all:
 No Greekishe titte or Romishe trust:
 that comes to euery call.
 No foule Oenone, made to keepe,
 the Lambes and Woolfes a parte:
 But such as in her sugred cheekes,
 dame Nature showde her arte,
 She is not of so base account,
 but Ioue receiues her name:
 The Goddess doe heare and to the skyes,
 admittes her flowyng fame.
 The Goddess doe heare and harkes in vaine,
 and honours euery poynt:
 And sweares to see the Cyprian boye,
 contende in euery ioynt.
 I might compare her for her cheekes,
 vnto the crimsen Rose:
 Whose dulcet smell of fragrant leaues,
 perfumes the tender nose.
 I might preferre her for her witte,
 before Mineruas shynie:
 Whiche though she be a mortall wight,
 commendes her skill diuine.
 Her comely porte maie adde her name,
 vnto the Graces thre:
 And Phæbus grauntes that she to eight,
 the seconde Muse maie bee.
 More praise it were if Troye for thee,
 had felt his grieuouse smarte:
 If Paris for the spoyle of thee,
 had plaide the letchers parte,
 If Hector to retaine the skill,
 in warres had spent his life:
 If Greece to winne thee from her soaes,
 had stirde continuall strife,

C.s.

Then

Flora, a Con-
 cubine na-
 med Cloris,
 whiche the
 Romans traſ-
 ferd into
 Queene of
 flowers.
 Oenone, a
 Shepheard
 Nymph, be-
 loured of Pa-
 ris before he
 was knowne
 for the sonne
 of Priam.

Cupide.

Minerva,
 Goddess of
 learning.

Clare, the
 tenth of the
 Muses.

Paris, a prou-
 ler for a bed-
 felowe.
 Hector, val-
 ant in armes.

Dorytha.

Paris.
Menelaus.

Hector, the
sonne of Pri-
am.

Then wise in deede the straunger knight,
And ruler had been thought:
The straunger for his bolde attempte,
the Prince for dearly bought.
Then iustly Hector had beene flaine,
and Greece reuengde her wrong:
And Troye bewailde her woafull state,
with tunes of dolefull song.
Then you for whom suche warres aroase,
might boaste of costly price:
To frame your face you did not want,
the hzaeuently powers aduise.

DORITHA.



What should I not of DOLL commende,
what parte is made awrie:

What vaine or voide haue Nature left,
that wantes a full supplie.

What mole to muche and more aboundes,
then neede or Nature would:

Except the store of Natures giftes,
mate make her seeme to bould.

Venus, beau-
tifull.

What parte of Venus is not hers,
and she her self her thrall:

She haue the tract of Venus steppes,
her starrie eyes and all.

She sittes aboute the badyng Cloudes,
and sittes aboute the Loanes:

She sees the earth vnseene of men,
and lauges to heare their moanes.

She triumphes and victorious games,
doe make vpon the Starres:

She makes the Partiall troope of goddes,
resolue to hastie raries.

A descriptiō
of Venus, her
seate and
seruice.
The pride of
beautie.

She

Dorytha.

She makes a footestool of the hilles,
and pilloures builde to loue:
At other Dames as meaner markes,
her scornewfull eyes doe roaue.
Her meate is serued in with Swannes,
And Doves attendes her will:
On whom the snowe lettes fall her flakkes,
to hide each comely quill.
She feedes on Manna sent from loue,
and Nectar hightes her wine:
But Dell deserues a higher state,
and honoz moze diuine.
See Doll, and all the goddes beside,
you shall not faile to see:
In one thei all in perfect parts,
and perfect vertues bee.
In one thei made the bewe of all,
and sight for to be seene:
In whom the colours of the East,
presentes a heauenly Queene.
When Nature made her for a maide,
she rather made a maze:
More like a wonder then her worke,
her beauties beames doe blaze.
More like a Comete then a corps,
she seemes to decke the Gloabe:
Her comely grace a mirroz seemes,
inserte in Venus roabe.
Transferre into the troope of Dames,
she marres their pleasaunt ioye:
She can disturbe them in their sportes,
and merry games destroye:
As if when one excelles the rest,
thei cast their eyes on hym:
Thei doe obserue his perfect parts,
and markes each comely lim.

C. is.

Doves the
birdes of Ve-
nus, swannes
be peaked in
her Chariot.
Nectar and
Ambrosia,
the foode of
the Goddess.

A Comete,
or blazing
starre.

Hearc

Dorytha.

Venus reluctant.

Venus pappes.

Phebe, the
Moone.
Hebe youth-
full, the wife
of Hercules.

Aglaia, one
of the Gra-

Syrens or
Mermaides.
Hyennia,
Sithennia,
Thalia.
Thetis, the
Queene of
Seas.

Heare maie you see imprinted plaine,
dame Venus louely eyes:
From whom as from a flame of fire,
the sparkes of fancie flyes.
Heare maie you see Dame Venus pappes,
and all her broken pride:
Her cherrie lippes, her slender armes,
her shoote and tender side:
Her pearled teeth, her pitted chinne,
her fingers long and small:
Her perfecte partes in euery point,
whiche concorde byndeth all.
Heare maie you see her yelowie lockes,
like shynng wyres of golde:
Her middole small, her bestie lanke,
her hippes set out for holde.
All these and what Dame Nature made,
in secrete for to lye:
Her tresses straight, her little foote,
maie please the proudest eye.
Within her face Dame Phæbes hornes,
and Hebes youth appeares:
Hyllaria hanges the Indian gemmes,
vpon her tender eares.
Aglaias graces are but rude,
the Muses wittes but dull:
The Syrens with their shueryng tunes,
doe blowe their pipes to full.
The scudding Nymphes are idle names,
with Thetis watrie traine:
She passeth all the names that are,
and all that yet remaine.
Matche who presumes, she maie compare,
but not confounde her face,
Oppugne, but not expunge the same,
whereof dependes her grace.

Though

Dorytha.

Though many boaste them selues abroade,
shee bowes their creastes to cracke:
And shewes a face wherein no choice,
of beauties beames doe lacke.
What is it but to floute the faire,
to saie their beames doe blaze:
What is it but to chippe their cheekes,
and floue throughout the chaze:
But Doll is shee whose beautie bright,
maie strike from loue his maie:
Whiche maie reprin the Goddess of power,
by vertue of her face.
If loue should take from Venus bore,
to make thy beautie shine:
If Caesar shewde vnto thy mirth,
condighted tearmes resign.
If India should sende thee gemmes,
like rankes of teethe to stande:
If Goldsmithes haule their roiall rynges,
to decke thy slender hande.
If Flora should into thy cheekes,
intrude the crimsen Rose:
If Hebe gaue thee youthfull peres,
whiche Natures seete foressowes.
If Iuno sent her costly crowne,
if Pallas phyzeled heare:
If Thetis legges of Iasper white,
thy sacred corps to beare.
If beautie should instill her beames,
into thy tender brest:
Thei heapes incheale of gittes in vaine,
whereas thy owne are beste.

C. iij.

ELIZABETH

Multiplica-
tion, and de-
rision.

Venus bore
to procure
beautie.
Caesar a Ro-
mane Em-
perour.
India bea-
ryng golde
and precious
stones.
Euery com-
panie of Ar-
tificers haue
their haules.
Flora Quene
of flowers.
Hebe youth-
full.
Iuno magni-
ficent.
Thetis maris
tima or M.
of Seas.

Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH.

A backare to
the proude.

B

Resume not any of her face,
assume not hautie pride:

Although perchance the marke be faire,
the shafte maie glaunce a side.

ELIZABETH a noble dame,
a damsell faire and bright:

A dearilyng in our pearthly eyes,
bereaues their honour quight.

A iewell rare, a gemme of Golde,
a goddesse made of newe:

A Sydus or celestiall Starre,
that boastes of heauenlie betwe.

A Comete cleare, a Phenix faire,
extracte of Venus race:

Descended from the line of Ioue,
To matche Lucinas face.

She is the costly Diamonde,
redde Rubie, Saphire blew:

The greene and hearbie Emeraulde,
The Turkie freshe of hewe.

She is the gemme whiche all the gemmes,
and Margarites maie staine:

To her the orient precious stones,
doe seeme but trifles vaine.

She is the finest of the flower,
the fairest of the Walte:

The sifcyng of the golden sheafe,
the byne and pearthly salte.

To her thei strives for Oracles,
as vnto Delphos caue:

To her as to Dodanas Dakes,
a free recourse thei haue.

Venus the las-
die of Ioue.

Lucina prest-
dent of light.

A Lapidarie
or skilfull
Gemmitie.

Delphos a
dungeon of
Apollo wher
he spake his

Her

Elizabeth.

Her mettle is not mixt with Time,
nor vertue staine with vice:
Her Simphonie is Hermonie,
in iudgement of the wise.
Her limmes are straight produced lines,
her bodie well compacte:
That Nature when she gaue her life,
did mooue a noble acte.
Venus doe exorne her haies,
Pro forma, none so faire:
The perfect Pulchritudo shewes,
she dropte from out the aire.
Her face is full of all delightes,
her mynde with mirth possesse:
All vertue and the giftes of grace,
doe harbour in her breste.
As muche she doe delight our eyes,
as Sol bedewes the flowers:
As Nylus doe inunde the feedes,
increaste with Aprill showers.
As well as Osiers loues the bankes,
of euery sliding lake:
O Dakes the hilles and mountaine toppes,
in whom thei pleasure take.
Her comely corps was neuer coy,
her grace is boide of pride:
Her louyng lookes and Venus eyes,
declares a heauenly Bride.
Her waste haue nothyng wast or vaine,
or wantes what might preuaile:
But sitte and rounde on euery side,
agrees from toppe to taile.
Minerua waites vpon her witte,
Cythera shades her face:
The Nymphes doe seruice to her sainte,
the Graces giues her place.

Oracles fro
a Caudron
or Kettle of
Dodona a
wood of Da
hes learned
to speake.

The Dewe
fales when
the Sunne
is downe.
Nylus a riuer
in Egypt most
fertil for the
floodes.

Minerua D.
of learning.
Cythera a
name of Ven
nus.

Her The Nym

Elizabeth.

phes, some of
herbes, some
of Trees,
some of Hils-
les, some of
Dales, some
of Riueres,
some of seas.
The spakes
of the Sūne,
flamyng, ac-
cording vnto
Virgill.

Venus tarre
Bore.

Hebes flowe-
ryng age.

Myron a cun-
nyng Caruer
and potador
of Images.

The vsage
of our tyme.

Her gestures are of Cupides giste,
her twinklyng eyes doe playe:
She seemes from Phæbus scorchyng waine,
to steale his beames awaie.

If all the floatyng Seas were Incke,
If Paper all the lande:

If Trees were pennes, and Duses myne,
would take the taske in hande.

The Seas would ebbe their Incke awaie,
The lande bee woarne out:

The Trees bee turned into stubbes,
and pennes obtrite their shouthe.

The Duses braines would breake their wittes,
before thei could descrie:

The grace whiche in your comely corps,
and seemely shape doe lye.

Buye Venus boxe of oymntentes braue,
to make thy beautie shine:

Buye Hebes youth, buye all the shapes,
that Miron carude by Line.

The glasses that in Merchauntes shoppes,
by Merchauntes wiues doe stande:

Whose bitter iuice doe staine their cheekes,
and laue their tender hande.

Let cladde thy corps in costly golde,
hang gemmes vpon thy eare:

Put braselettes on thy slender armes,
let crispe thy curled heare.

Cye chaines aboute thy wearie necke,
let arte peruse thee rounde:

Adorne thy caule with golden spanges,
where Tissue trailes the grounde.

Obumbrate all thy corps with Lawnes,
as is the Courtly grace:

Thy natue he we surpasseth all,
and first appointed face.

Let

Francis.

Let goddes vnmake to make againe,
what thei so farre haue made:

Thei shall in steade of perfect partes,
induce imperfect shade.

Let them beginne to frame the like,
thei shall but washe a tyle:

And by defecte of good successe,
their fame with blame defyle.

FRANCIS.

Bweete S. FRANCIS all is false,
that is not ment of thee:

Thou art the maide whose honest life,
from slanderous tungen is free,

Whiche one and alwaies arte the same,
although thy face maie chaunge:

Thy fame amidst the flying Cloudes,
by Iunos chaire doe raunge.

But you are not of suche a harte,
as this the spouse of loue:

No suche tempestious stormyng eyes,
at mortall lutes doe roaue.

You seeke no shame by rashe reuenge,
but proue to gentle deedes:

Whiche rather from the prae of loue,
and Venus Schoole proceedes.

What a wonder of your face,
doe wounde our tender hartes:

What price you beare? What power you haue,
what pure elined partes:

What wanton eyes? What burgyng pappes:
what white imbalmed skinne:

A man would thincke that Venus saincte,
were lapte and laide therein.

No maruaile if to see your saint,
the Cloudes doe seeme to goe:

D. J.

Pour

It preuailes
not to washe
a tyle nor a
riuer in the
laakes.

Faire words
doe winne
fauour.

Iunos chaire
the seate of
Honoz.

All gentlenes
with Venus.

Venus smoth
and delicate.

Francis.

Your comely face the mightie Goddess,
 whiche sight maie ouerthrowe:
 Your face is suche as in the forme,
 no beautilie seemes to want.
 But beames to many drawe our eyes,
 to be we so faire a plant
 If Pan or Faunus sawe thy face,
 thei would exult for ioye:
 And tell what wounde thei had receiue,
 of Venus naked boye.
 If Gemigoddess or Summergoddess,
 or rusticke powers did see:
 Thei would bestirre their goatlike feete,
 to blisse their caues with thee.
 Call Venus from her mirtle bower,
 Saturnia from the Skye:
 Minerva from the Muses haunt,
 where Fame doe alwaies flye.
 Call Leda once belou'd of loue,
 call Myrha Neptunes praye:
 Call Cynthia that raignes by night,
 call Sol that rules by daie.
 Thei will affirme with readie oathes,
 that none remaines so faire:
 Excepte she dyopt from out the Cloudes,
 and cleapt her selfe the ayre.
 You are as faire as if the Goddess,
 should saie, stande by the peece:
 To whom her like was neuer founde,
 in all the coastes of Greece:
 You are as wise as if the gifte,
 of wisdom were your owne:
 And that the springyng seede thereof,
 by nature were not sowne.
 Could nature giue to mortall wightes,
 to staine Auroras hewe:

Pan piper of
 a strawe.
 Faunus ru-
 sticke.
 A periphra-
 sis of Cupide.
 Goddess of
 all kindes.
 Capripedes.
 Fauni.
 Venus bowe-
 red.
 Saturnia a
 name of iuno
 Minerua learn-
 ed.

Cynthia; a
 name of Dia-
 na and Pro-
 serpina.

Wisdom
 the gift of
 God.

Grace.

Aurora sees your heavenly lookes,
and strikes her sailes at you.
If Nature made your perfect frame,
your frame, her faire she made:
Her other workes are liker wynges,
and darke Cymmerian shade.
You are the glorie of her skill,
the glasse of golden glee.
So faire that Nature if she came,
might mende her self by thee.
In thee, the Goddess did shewe their skillles,
whiche wonderpng at thy frame:
Doe scarcely knowe their handie workes,
thei thinke it not the same.
Deduce your stocke by lines aright,
and loue maie be your sire:
Whose kindlyng coales of crimsen cheekes,
maie set our hartes on fire.

GRACE.

FO? GRACE and mercie vnto thee,
O mightie Lorde I call:
Assiste me with thy gracious hande,
before I ginne to fall.
Fo? GRACE is gracious in thy sight,
whose grace is void of cryme:
Who seekes to see a fairer face,
had neede awake by tyme.
No doubt but some annixt the Goddess,
haue wist thy beaultie well:
Some heavenly power haue wist thy sight,
within his armes to dwell.
Some Goddessle with her topfull eyes,
haue lookte vpon thy face:
And left behinde vpon thy cheekes,
the markes of heavenly face.

D.is.

Your

Aurora the
mornpng
Gare, frende
vnto Cepha-
lus and wife
Tythonus.

Nature im-
perfect.

An Apostro-
phe o? inuo-
cation vnto
God.

Graciosa.

The looke
of a Prince
smilpng of
conceiptes.

Grace.

Ariadne, a
crowned
starre.

Minerua cōpt

Iuno, stelliz
fied.

Ida, a groaue
of trees by
the riuer
Zanthus,
where the
three god-
dessees were
tried by Paris.
Nais, a riuer
Nymph.
Dryades,
wood Nym-
phes
Oreas, a hill
Nymph.

The Tyrchia
purple.

Hyacinthus,
a faire boye
beloued of
Zephyrus.

Euphrosine, a
Graco.

Your head is such, as set thereon,
a crowne of glistering golde:
In steade of Ariadnes saint,
we should your shrine beholde.
Take of the crowne, such grace in them,
your yello we lockes doe beare:
As if you had vpon your hedde,
Mineruas golden heare.
Adde braue attire vnto your corpes,
whiche naked might content:
For Iuno to the loftie Skyes,
to loue you might be sent.
Take of attire vnto the skinne,
let Ida be your place:
Not one so muche in all the worlde,
resembles Venus face.
Repaire vnto the water springes,
for Nais you maie seeme:
Vnto the woods, for Nymph of woods,
the lookers on might deeme.
Vnto the hilles for Oreas,
a Nymph of heavenly hewe:
Faire Nais, Drias, Oreas,
all three are freight in you.
Achanthus colour is to base,
to blaze thy beames aright:
The Tyrrian is to darke a dye,
to painte thy beautie bright.
The purple Hyacinthus leaues,
exornes thy praised hewe:
Whose face deserues that Onix stones,
her bodie might indewe.
Perfection hemmes her bodie rounde,
Voluptas bautes her face:
Euphrosine indewes her corpes,
with gestures comely grace.

The

Grace.

The rubie blusheth at her lippes,
her colour to declare:
As soone the Rose, as soone the Dilke,
contendes for equall share.
Byng mightie loue adrest to shoote,
with readie boltes in hande:
His boltes would fall by be we of thee,
and strike the stonie lande.
Byng chaste, whom Phædra could not winne,
Hippolitus by name:
Hippolitus would leaue the woodes,
to chase this comely dame.
In Roome for Berecynthia,
thei thinke you for to bee:
In Samos for Saturnia,
a Queene of high degree.
In Paphos for Pulchellula,
that foule deformed mate:
On skirtes of whom bothe mightie Mars,
and slender goddess haue sate.
In Creete thei calle you for their owne,
in Greece thei calle you theirs:
Bothe Creete and Greece vsurpes in baine,
the place of beauties heires.
In Ægipt, steades conueighes your thryne,
for Isis through the streate:
Where some their sweetes, and some them selues,
throwes flatt befoze your feete.
O beautie whiche the goddess them selues,
maie suffer for to be we:
O forhedde faire, O circled eyes,
O Diall none so true.
O faire and thysie renowned face,
whose flowers will not bade:
In whom the Goddess a perfecte shape,
to staine the reste haue made.

D. iij.

Honor

Iuppiter, a
darte of thun
derboltes.

Phædra of
Theseus, and
frend to Hip
polytus a ha
ter addicted
to chastitie.
Berecynthia
mother of the
goddess.
Saturnia
Iuno.
Pulchellula,
for Venus the
wife of Vul
can, mother
vnto Cupide.
Mars, the god
of battaile.
Master of
beautie.

Isis honored
in Ægipt.

Honor.

HONOR.

Humilitie
and vertue.



ALL Honor bee to mightie Ioue,
the authour of your hewe:
Suche Ladies lookes are subtil hookes,
to take the gentle crewe.

Your face is Honor to your fame,
and fame commendes your face:

Faire Honor is the first of eight,
that winnes the princely Race.

When Venus fell to paintyng shapen,
to some she gaue but hewe:

To some she steakt their browes with oyle,
and made them seeme for newe.

To some she flozithte all their face,
and gaue a varnishe bright:

And calde it beautie where the cheekes,
were staine with redde and white:

With Roses and a Culuers blood,
adde Creame and moynyng Milke:

She made a face whiche might contende,
with Bombix webbes of silke.

The christall skinne and starrie eyes,
might stirre the Goddess to loue:

Whiche when I sawe, that same was yours,
it lackte but sence to moue.

Goe now and haunt thee of thy face,
dame Venus onely gifte,

Aduaunce thy state amongst the proude,
and limmes to heauen lifte.

Gold serues to thee with royall kynges,
doe place aboue their hedde:

Thou canst not want if that thou wouldst,
with golden graines bee fedde.

Venus be-
come a pain-
ter.

Venus com-
pound to pro-
cure beautie.

Venus prohi-
bitt.

Grace.

Use makes her gestures to excell,
The synges like Venus Swanne:
When mournyng by Menanders banke,
no longer liue she can.
Her mouthe replete with precious stones,
expires a frendly speache:
And seemes the skill of all the Goddesses,
in euery phrase to reache.
She haue a faire and well doe use,
her face so well bestowde:
Shee seemes as if newe fallen flakkes,
upon her face had snowde.
If any seekes her sober life,
and godlie trade requires:
Unto the type of Vellas fame,
her prouyng praise aspires.
Thre Charites the aunient Clarkes,
all naked did descrie:
One takyng, one returnyng giftes,
the thirde diuerse awpie.
Or true and well, or former age,
did frame their fictions right:
For thre and thre within your eyes,
Bothe right and left doe fight.
When Greece had summonde Troye to warre,
Achilles kept his denne:
Some saint at whom bewitchte his mynde,
and kept hym from his menne.
But if some like Dianas looke,
restraine his noble mynde:
Yet this was one ignoble acte,
to leaue your shape behinde.
His nothyng worthe, Lernetian trulles,
he might haue sparde awaie:
And you imbracest whose tender fleshe,
might serue for Mars his plaine.

Whose

The Nature
of y^e Swāne
is to syng be-
fore his de-
parture.

Vesta goddess
of Chastitie.

Thre Cha-
rites.

Achilles and
Agamemnon
captaines of
the Greekes.
Diana God-
desse of Cha-
stite.
Bryseis and
others taken
by Lernetian
all the spoile
of the tounne,
by the sold-
ours of A-
chilles.
Mars the god
of battaile.

Honor.

Tythonus
husebande to
Aurora.
Phæbus, the
father of A-
chilles.
Priam kyng
of Troye
Chrysippus, a
Schoulema-
ster in Athës.
Tibullus, a
worthe ver-
sier.
Ouide, a
worthe ver-
sier
Cyprus es
stemde of Ve-
nus.

Venus, beau-
tifull.

Aurora and
Tythonus.

Whose beautie pearcyng through the cloudes,
maie choake th'amazed Skie:
And eke prouoke th'intangled goddes,
their weaponed force to trie.
At touche of her, Tythonus sprites,
and Peleus might reuiue:
And Priamis foule and fleshy luste,
all age might cleane depriue.
And olde Chrysippus at his booke,
when as the Lampe were out:
At least would feele so faire a face,
and grope her corps about.
Dworthe whom Tybullus bearse,
had deckt with Honor dewe:
Whom Ouids furie had referde,
vnto the Cyprian crewe.
And so thei would if thei had knowne,
the cummyng of your heste:
In whom dame Natures painfull woozkes,
and pearles be expresse.
From Venus face your shape is first,
moste gratefull seemes your hewe:
The picture of Auroras cheekes,
doe blushe comparde with you.
If Iuerie yeeld not to your face,
I call the goddes to iudge:
Whiche angrie at your liuely lookes,
doe seeme thereat to grudge.
A glozie to the Englishe dames,
the goddes haue made your face:
Nerte Hebe none within the Skie,
deserues so high a place.
Nerte Hellen none that grades on yearth,
nerte Thetis none by sea:
Though certaine slopyng to and fro,
delightfull Nimphes doe pleae.

Iane.

Not thee the white Chayffran Swanne,
 for shape doe ouerpasse:
 Not Venus doues whiche sit the toppes,
 of Casars Towers of brasse.
 Not blood besprinkled on the snowe,
 or berries of the fiedoe:
 Whiche some vncertaine strewde with Creame,
 more sparefull handes doe peelee.
 If any seeke her godly life,
 her life is chaste and pure:
 Her fame as sure as Scyllas Rocke,
 for euer shall indure.
 If vnto Venus equall eies,
 and pure vntasted he we:
 Of Auentinus praised buddes,
 suppose you took the be we.
 Astonished Pandions birdes,
 doe heare her voyce to sing:
 Arachne at her finer webbe,
 doe murmur many a thyng:
 To ende: if to her worthe gifts,
 no worthe praise might bee:
 Dame Vertue spoyle of all renowne,
 lest naked should we see.

IANE.

Now gentle IANE I were unkinde,
 to holde my peace of thee:
 Nale rather Homer is to base,
 thy praiser for to bee.
 Not Ouids, nor Tibullus baines,
 can flowe so smooth a verse:
 But IANE surpasses all their pride,
 with courage bolde and fierce.

E. j.

Venus Doves.

Creame and
Strawberies

Scylla, a rock
of the sea de-
fended by
Dogges.

Auentinum,
a place reple-
nished with
Roses.

Progne and
Philomela.
Arachne a
Spinster,
whiche con-
tended with
Minerua.

Homer, a
Grecian poet.
Ouide and
Tibullus fa-
mous versifi-
ers.

I,

Iane.

1, Is the fountaine of delight,
 A, Armes our hartes with ioye:
 N, Nēdes no hearbes to make her faire,
 E, Enuie doe destroye.
 Iane is the Iacynth whose effectes,
 doe yeeld a straunge delight:
 In whom the sacred Muses tentes,
 and blessed feeldes are pight.
 She is the Sainct whom al the Goddes,
 doe sweare to wounde their hartes:
 Whose cunning skill deuides the skye,
 to small and equall partes.
 She is the Sainct which doe appointe,
 the Goddes to euery spheare:
 And that he shall not vse his power,
 and strength but onely there.
 Who sawe not you did neuer see,
 the sight whiche doe excell:
 Who sawe, did see vnto his grieffe,
 or lucke did serue hym well.
 Apollo sawe, when all his steades,
 and wayne he would forsake:
 And on your face deuoid of fault,
 did present mercie take.
 The fier that Prometheus stole,
 from Phebus scorching vaines:
 The golden fleefe that Iasons hande,
 at Colchos did obtaine:
 The Apples kept with watchfull eyes,
 of Dragon fierce and bolde:
 Declares your face whiche beyng faire,
 from foes you seeke to holde.
 The golde that conuies of Tagus streames,
 the silke that Tyrus yeeldes:
 The Saffron that inuestes the bankes,
 of sweete Arabia fieldes.

Helicon
 Elicuis cam-
 pus.

Euery Agne
 haue his cir-
 cle.
 Prometheus,
 an Astrono-
 mer.
 Phebus, for
 the Sunne.
 See Ouide,
 for the histo-
 ry of the gol-
 den fleefe
 obtained by
 Iason and the
 Argonautes.
 See also the
 historie of
 the golden
 Apples, ta-
 ken by Her-
 cules from
 the garden of
 Hesperides.
 Tagus, a gol-
 den riuier.
 Tyrus, a
 name of Car-
 thage where
 Purples
 were dyed.
 Rich Arabie.

Doe

Iane.

Doe shewe the purenesse of your breast,
 and facnesse of the soyle:
 Whiche with the peeble of rarest fruites,
 rewardes the ploughmans toyle.
 What Venus was to Cyprius walles,
 what Helen was to Troye:
 What Luna to the Archades,
 in whom they fire their ioye.
 That same arte thou to Englishe yowthes,
 or one surpassest thee:
 And in respect of perfect partes,
 they are but shades of thee.
 Sybilla left renowned was,
 within the Churche of Roome:
 In Egypt, Isys where their skinner,
 are scorcht with Phebus gloome.
 Minerva with her learned Clarkes,
 in Athens where they raignes:
 Then you with vs whose blushing cheekes,
 Auroras beautie stains.
 No lesse the pine surmountes the seas,
 the Willow loues the lake:
 The sturdie Oke the stately Hilles,
 in whom they pleasure take.
 Then we are wrapt in deepe desire,
 to serue your sacred shine:
 Whose eyes vpon our frozen breastes,
 like heauenly Lampes doe shine.
 Not loues or Venus fixed starres,
 doe peeble so faire a Sunne:
 When Phebus course within the Caste,
 is first of all begunne.
 No sage Sybeles loftie Towers,
 be seemes her hedde so well:
 Whose withered face amixt the Goddes,
 is curst to depth of hell.

E.ij.

No.

Venus, in estimation at Cyprius.

Amorouse Hellen.

The Archades do boast their pedigree before the Moone.

Sybele, mother of the Goddes. Isys honored

Minerva, Ladye of learning. Athens, a Schoole of learning. Aurora, the morning.

Sybeles Towers.

Katherine.

Lychnis a
glazeworme.

Elysa a name
of Dido.

Saturnus, ma-
lignissimus
planetarum,
& parienti
difficilimus.

See the his-
torie of Ioue
and Leda.
Ioue and Al-
cumena.

Ioue and Eu-
ropa.
Ioue and
Danae.

Lucretia.

Penelope Vs
lylles wife.

For Lychnis that imblaznyng worme,
that shines in deapth of night:

As this your face from foreine soyle,
your beautie doe acquight.

Thou onely canst exhorte the Summe,
to leaue his wonted waie:

And with thy faire Elysas lookes,
prouoke the Goddess to plate.

Thou onely canst appeaze the rage,
of fierie Saturns heate.

And turne his mynde from rage to Ioue,
to feede on heavenly meate:

Thou onely hast the power to turne,
high Ioue into a Swanne:

High Ioue into the seruile state,
of weake and feeble man:

High Ioue into a beastly Bull,
high Ioue to droppes of raine:

For suche a shape the Goddess theinselues,
would put their liues to paine.

KATHERINE.



The wheele commendeth Katherine,
with Collatinus wife:

The wheele reporter of the praise,
of non suspected life.

The wheele wherewith Penelope,
protracted forth her dayes:

And with vntwisting of her threades,
did make tenne yeares delayes.

What platforme more commendes a maide,
then to be faire of hewe:

And therewithall to be the price,
for many Lordes to sewe.

What

Katherine.

What greater praise then honest life,
what euer fame doe lye:
Thei shall be numbred with the names,
whose recorde shall not dye.
It is not brave attire that makes,
that women doe excell.
Although a coate of fresher hewe,
becomes a virgin well.
Nor Jewelles whom the Indian seares,
to Goldsmithes Hall doe sende:
Nor golde, the grudgynge milers god,
whiche (foole) he feares to spende.
Not sweete perfumes or costly ringes,
the foster frendes of pride:
Whose Hoop upon your knottie ioyntes,
the Faber makes to slide.
But maners suche as when they shynes,
Minerua can not staine:
Suche maners with a maidens life,
deserues pursute with paine.
Suche naked, passeth those that waulkes,
in cloathes of costly golde:
Their purples and their painted sheathes,
will scarce their pride upholde.
Suche maidens be Jewelles in their deedes,
and wealthie golde to trye:
Although they smell not vnto muske,
and costly ringes doe buye.
Suche maidens Minerua doe commend,
vnto immortall fame:
Not beluet weedes but vertuous actes,
areares the lostie name.
Giue me to loue whose vertuous life,
obtaines the palme of hewe:
Whose beautie yeeldes to honest fame,
and ryot can subdew.

Not brave:
rie, but ho-
nestie.

Minerua
Queene of
maners and
learnng.

Katherine.

The brauery
that we vse
in our latter
age.

Numera'tions
of thynges
infinite.

Giue me to loue whom not her wealth,
but wisdom makes to shine:
I dare to saie her heavenly life,
is like a Lampe diuine.
I care not for their smooth attyre,
wherein thei shpoude their white:
I care not for their Tinsell copses,
wherein thei take delight.
I marke not their ambitious ruffes,
ne yet commende their plumes:
Their chaines, their lawnes, their summer pumpes,
their costly sweete perfumes.
Their courtly colours white and blew,
their smockes with purled hemes:
Perchaunce the barke and ryne without,
excelles the inwarde stemme.
What helpes the heape and mole of wealth,
if she her self be naught:
What helpes her spottes and staarde attyre,
to hyde her prinie faught.
Her spangled ruffes, her agglets blew,
her cripplines and her shades:
With that her pride her high renowne,
and all her glorie vades.
What should I neede to saie so muche,
whereas your life is knowne:
And where your fame to Princes eares,
by true repoyte is blowne.
It is as if I should beginne,
to tell the Ocean streames:
Or els to number euery spheare,
of bright Apollos beames.
So many are your vertuous actes,
as foules within the ayre:
As sandes within the surgyng seas,
as f. aundes to Caesars chaire.

Luce.

As many as their leaues be greene,
and grasse vpon the ground:
If that I should but tuche them all,
my wittes thei would confound.
No fewer are your dewe desertes,
then heares on Atho byr:
Then snowe on frostie Pindus toppes,
then feathered birdes doe flye.
No lesse then shelles vpon the shoare,
or moates within the Sunne:
I can not shewe them all at large,
whiche haue not half begunne.

LVCE.



No lones not LVCE whose noble life,
doe shine before the best:
Whose bosome is the meetest place,
for Philomelas nest.
In whom the Muses emptes their skilles,
and stuffes her tender braine:
And Hybla sendes her Honicombes,
to mopsten euery baine:
With her the Rose and Violettes,
doe talke theit mindes of loue:
Narcissus praised of the Nymphes,
within her baines doe moue.
Adonis, Hylas and the lones,
whom cruell death haue slaine:
And nature plaske animixt her herbes,
for Vertues sake to raigne.
Dame Flora leaues her garden greene,
vnto her handes to keepe:
Dame Nape traines her out abroade,
vpon the bankes to sleepe.

Pindus, a
high hill.

Luce, a Lus-
cendo of Mt-
neng.
Philomela, a
Nightingale

Hybla, a
place of ho-
nors.

Narcissus, a
faire boye
transferd
into a flower,
and so the o-
ther.

Flora, Quene
of flowers.

Nape, a
Nymph.

Dame



Luce.

Pales, Quene
of Herbage
and Pasture

Dame Pales intertaines her in,
and saies these meadowes large:
Withall their dalsies and delightes,
be in their louely charge.
Cupido with his sonde delightes,
adde hether Venus hewe:
Doe shyne themselves within your face,
and seekes for praise in you.
Your thousande shapes of Veneres,
a thousande tymes excelles:
And many thousandes wightes to loue,
your louely face compelles.
Who lookes on bright Apollos beames,
his face maie chaunce to frye:
Who sees Medusas grieffly goaste,
a senslesse stone maie lye.
Who shall but once with routing eyes,
attaine a sight of thee:
Shall first be shooke with Phebus beames,
and then a stone shall bee.
Let faire Aurora from the Clowdes,
beholde thy comly face:
She shall perceiue her blusshyng ruddes,
to loose their wonted grace:
Let Gorgon grin beholde thy hewe,
for all her grieffly rage:
She shall not be resolute to stones,
but shall her wrath asswage.
To suche a shape Busyrish breast,
of sturdie Oke maie peelde:
Achilles and Priamedes,
maie leaue vnarmde the fildoe.
Tytornus and Antyphates,
with Scyrons vgly shape:
And fell Procustes maie be glad,
to plucke so faire a grape.

Medusa, a
monster.

Gorgo, rough
with snakes.

Busyris, a
Giant.
Nomen
Hectoris
Scyron, a Ce-
saire, halfe a
man, & half a
beaste.
Procustes, a
Giant.

Luce.

I neuer see the boylyng springes,
but straight I thinke on thee:
From whom as from a fountaine faire,
your speeches flowes so free.
I neuer see the buddying Palme,
but you appoche my minde:
Whose greene behauiour growes to loue,
and zealous hartes to binde.
When as I see the veruent Rose,
the Rose referres your hewe:
Whose leaues and pleasaunt springyng smelles,
your beautie doeth renewe.
When as I see the diuers flowers,
I minde your diuers giftes:
Whiche to the type of all renowne,
your beauties praise vpliftes.
The sweete and daintie damaske Rose,
declares your liuely cheekes:
Whiche yet recorded in the Skyes,
the heauenly beautie strikes.
Sweete Violettes importes your breath,
the painles rare delights:
Whiche please, for because your talke,
your pleasaunt mirth condites.
The Lillie mustere in your cheekes,
with pure and bashfull hewe:
A whitely face doe moste resiste,
the rage of Cupides crewe.
The Pionie, half redde and white,
protendes both loue and hate:
As pleasure or disdaine mate growe,
to choose or leaue your mate:
The liuely freshe Carnations,
importes a liuely minde:
Whiche liuely in commended actes,
was neuer left behinde.

A compar-
son of beau-
tie vnto flo-
wers.

Margeret.

If maide and Matrone maie agree,
In either praise you passe:
Bothe modest maide, and Matrone graue,
whose lookes be like to glasse,
If faire and chaste be any praise,
your fame is full of bothe:
Your beautie and your chastitie,
expectes noe Spoulers othe.
If curtesie maie reape rewarde,
you came of courteouse kinde:
If modestie, your modest lookes,
our zealous loue maie binde:
If plentie mixt with pietie,
if beautie scalde with grace:
You haue the whole and somme of all,
contained on your face.
The Peacocks plumes doe make hym proude,
for to aduance his taylor:
His fethers starde with Argus eyes,
doe make hym hoyle the sayle.
Your life is suche as needes no boaste,
commended farre by bewe:
And not commended halfe as proude,
and talke of thee is trewe.

The Peas-
cocke, lunos
birde.

MARGERET.

IS MARGERET none within your eyes
is she more base of hewe:
Is she more coye, or els perchaunce,
is she vnkowne to you.
Her name is noted of the Geates,
a people rude and fierce:
Unto the Gericke peoples eares,
her mightie praise doe pearle.

This

Margeret.

This Megge is mightie in her lookes,
She haue the Goddes at call:
She can commaunde the ayrie Cloudes,
and shakes the Ceders tall.
She Atlas burthen can dispose,
and with a tender smile:
Can Argus eyes, and Milos strength,
and Confus craft beguile.
Suche candles in Chrysippus Schoole,
might soone awake his wit:
To thinke what kinde of better loare,
for womens mindes be fit.
Suche candles might prouoke his eyes,
to reade beyonde his skill:
And make a vertue of his neade,
for to suffice his will.
Diana was her mother deare,
dame Venus gaue her papper:
Melissa lulde her limmes a sleepe,
and daunt her on her lappe,
The Syrens syng befoze her birth:
Minerua stufte her braine,
The Pufes and the Graces gistes,
her wisdom doe obtaine.
She fillles our eares with pleasaunt tunes,
of Pans hermonious reade:
And singes how Sirynx did escape,
the fault that was decreede.
She fillles our eares with laies and roundes,
of Almo and his mate:
How he and his Alcippe faire,
deuiling sweetly fate.
She straies not like a straglyng sheepe,
in eache suspected waie:
She strives not to Olympus games,
her bodie to assaye.

F.ij.

She

Argus, a shepe
heard ap-
pointed by
Iuno to attend
vpon Io.
Confus, god
of Counsell.
Chrysippus, a
Schoolema-
ster.

Diana,
Queene of
chastite.
Melissa, Iupit-
ters nurse.

Almo, a shepe
heard of No-
uacria.

Olympus, a
place of uis-
and wrest-
ling.

Margeret.

See the hi-
story of Pyra-
mus and
Thisbe.

Bacchus fea-
stes vpon
hilles, and
Floras at
night.

The Curetes
did solemp-
nise their
rytes with
cres, how-
linges, and
tanging of
basons.

Memphis and
Babilon most
famous for
workwomen.

She treads not in forbidden pathes,
nor groapes to Nynus graue:
The sweatpng Stewes, and springpng Bathes,
in more disdaine she haue.
She coms not vnto Bacchus feastes,
or Floras routes by night:
Like Comboyes suche as liues in Rome,
for euery knaues delight.
She shoves not the Curetian rites,
with Mirmallonian sounde:
But sittpng cloassly at her wheele,
a Patrone graue is founde:
In spinnyng she obtrites the daie,
her needle takes no rest:
For lacke of filke and finer twill,
she leaues no floath expresse.
With curiouse knottes and borders bzaue,
her napkins fine be wrought:
From Memphis nor from Babilon,
the like were neuer brought.
At home she sturres ammixt her maides,
at boorde she straines the best:
She neuer sees a straunge deuise,
but straight is made her guest.
She takes the toppe of all their deedes,
and markes examples rare:
Though barren be her praise displaide,
her vertues are not bare.
For triall of her passpng bewe,
beholde her golden heare:
Beholde her hedde whiche nature made,
a royall crowne to weare.
Beholde her eies whiche like the starres,
doe twinckle in her face:
Her heauenly gestures doe expresse,
a kinde of courtly grace.

How

Margeret.

How faire it is when men maie saie,
their goes a blazpng starre:
There, there, she goes whose comely face,
no Canker seemes to marre.
How faire, when one shall pointe her partes,
And whete her shape excelles:
And saie, no fairer face then hers,
in all Europa dwelles.
She is the buckler of the goddes,
esteemde of auncient Roome:
Whiche Numa kept from raptors handes,
the Table of their doome.
Ancyle height that fatall blocke,
that blocke of price is shee:
Whiche beyng losse or stolne awaie,
what spoile O Roome to thee?
What is the pride wherein she plumes,
but onely Venus grace.
What limmes, but straight and even lines,
whiche concorde seemes to place:
What bosome, but a blessed heape,
where perfect ioyes appeares:
The fairest dames before their owne,
her honour gladly heares.

F.iiij,

OLIFFE

N.

Iuppiter his
buckler,
whiche was
kept in the
Capitole.
Numa a high
Priest, and
seconde kyng
of Roome.



Oliffe. OLIFFE.

I Am no Oliffe nor no Vine,
but Oliffe hightes my name:
From Cypris Ile and Venus walkes,
for beauties sake I came.

The gratefull walles of Vulcans wife,
hath sent me for to se we:

If any of our Englishe dames,
doe passe my vernant hewe:

I florishe like the Oliue greene,
I spread like Bacchus Vine:

In midste of Boreas bitter blastes,
I stande vnlike to pine.

In peace at Cæsars gates I stande,
and thershold wide for kynges:

In signe of ioye my broken boughes,
the Romane Captaines bynges.

With me comes triumphe into Roome,
and peace to Cæsars seate:

By me the Senate saussly sittes,
their counsellors to repeate.

And when I liste I vaunce my toppe,
vnto the stately Skye:

And straightly stande and looke aboute,
what straungers walkes me by.

And Poetes beares me in their handes,
molte gratefull seemes my shade:

Of me and of my pleasaunt leaues,
the Pilgrimes hattes be made.

The more deprest, the more I rise,
my leaues bee sweete and greene:

That Lordes amixt their borders braue,
would haue me stande betweene.

Caesar a kyng
of Roome.
The Senate
an Elder of
counsellors

The Laurel
& the Swan,
the Poetes
cognizance.

And

Oliffe.

And oftentimes I further sleape,
moste rancke I vse to growe:
Whereas the watrie siluer streames,
a long my rootes maie flowe.
Thus Oliffe in her owne renowne,
when thus my Muse beganne:
Thus mildly Clio in her voice,
outstrainde the siluer Swanne.
And added to her other praise,
as after doe enlewe:
But suche a shape was neuer seen,
ammixte the Cyprian crewe.
Some saies of Proteus sundrie shapes,
that then were apt to chaunge:
And Mythras shapes by Neptunes aide,
were made as rare and straunge.
But you haue nothing straunge and newe,
but alwaies arte the same:
In whom at first dame Venus cheakes,
dame Nature seemde to frame.
Of Roses are your comely hewe,
of golde your curled heare:
A face more fitte for Iunos crowne,
vnto the Skies you beare.
And scattered Cloudes like Lillies white,
vpon your face appeares:
That none but with a reuerent harte,
your name recorded heares.
I see me thinke how Venus mouthes,
haue kiste your liuely face:
How Nymphes contendes aboute your shine,
to winne your heauenty grace.
How Phœbus and his aidens nine,
resignes their skilles to you:
And by their Heliconiam noice,
doe praise Olympian hewe.

Clio a Muse

Proteus God
of Sea.
Mythra Crysi-
chthons
daughter be-
loued of Nep-
tune.

Phœbus the
father of the
nine Muses.

Your

Oliffe.

Your face perfusde with redde and white,
 is like the Peltan Rose:
 Whiche Lordynges for the gratefull smell,
 preferres vnto their nose.
 The colours that for Courtly shewe,
 faire Ladies doe imbrace:
 The Tyrrhian and the Crimsen dye,
 exornes your comely face.
 Shee neuer speakes but euery woorde,
 of Athens seemes to smell:
 Her breathe perfusde with Nardus oile,
 Anomus doe excell.
 Her liuely quicke aspicient eyes,
 maie foarce the stoutest harte:
 To thinke that euery girdyng glaunce,
 is like a Parthian dart.
 At euery gesture of her limmes,
 the Graces seemes to plaie:
 Cupido and his preatie sportes,
 her breathyng speeche doe swaie.
 Her wanderyng eyes and warblyng voice,
 perfectes a heauenly mynde:
 Perfectes a heauenly sweete consent,
 remouyng cares vnkinde.
 It is not for a slender Muse,
 to frame her heauenly face:
 It is not for a Poet rude,
 to blaze her comely grace.
 Shee passeth Homers haughtie stile,
 with Ouides smother vaine:
 Adde hether Horace tauntyng Tibes,
 whiche bitter foes doe gatne.
 As bright Apollo cast his beames,
 vpon his Daphnis hewe:
 Whiche did his loue and wonted flames,
 vnto the Nymphes renetue.

At Tyros
was the best
Purple.

Athens a
schoole of
Philosophie.
Nardus and
Anomus de-
licate sanows.

Homere a
Heroicall
Poet, Ouide
a versifier.
Horace a
Satyrical
Poet.
Daphnis
transferred in-
to a Baye.

Phriswit

Euen suche you be and suche a shape,
commendes your liuely face:
Whiche skilfull nature haue addrest,
with euery kinde of grace.
So faire and suche a shape there was,
to Schenis on the waie:
Whom with her lookes she made the beastes,
of Meualis to staie.
Suche Pallas when her Gorgons eyes,
she beares before her brest:
Whiche makes a stone of those that lookes,
vpon so faire a guest.
Suche Ammione walkt the fieldes,
with pitcher on her crowne:
When swellng Neptune searcht her pottle,
and pulde her peacocks downe.
She onely worthie is of maides,
to whom the Tyrhian ope:
Should giue a thise immoystened cloath,
moste pleasaunt to the eye.
And should possesse what euer fruite,
the Arabian Belloz mowes:
From whom so many giftes of grace,
And onely feature flowes.

PHRISVVIT.



He, Phriswit, he: what newes with thee,
from whence is this thy grieve:
Thy Doet coms whose ragged rimes,
shall yeeld thee some reliefe.

My braines bereft and wittes at ende,
what should I faigne of thee:
If that thy beautie were not braue,
my wittes a sleepe I see.

G. f.

In

Schenis, a
Goddess of
the woods.

Pallas, her
buckler was
a Gorgons
head,

Ammione, a
maide rai-
shed by Nep-
tune.

Arabia, riche
with spice.



Phriswit.

In deede thy beautie is the price,
for to prouoke my vaine:
Thy beautie better then my skill,
procures my further paine.
The issuyng streames of troubled springes,
can flowe no suche delight:

But when the floods exceeðes the bankes,
the streames be stifled quite.

The Muses.

I neuer sawe Parnassus toppe,
nor Caballinus spring:

The cleare Castalian lake is drye,
whiche should me succour byng.

The fountaine founde by Pegasus,
and Helicoman well:

Be often heard reported names,
but none thereof can tell.

Pieris, a name
of the Muses.

What Pieris perswade with mirth,
will teache me for to write:

What Muse will moue my merrie vaine,
and byng my braines in plight.

Euen she that rubbes my rusticke wittes,
and phisleth by me fare:

To thinke vpon her beauties beames,
whiche nature did not spare.

That this thy beautie doe excell,
seeke prooffe of euery eye:

Priappus Or-
chardes.

Aske if thy shape deserues not loue,
in flames thereof to frye.

Aske if Priappus euer sawe,
a fairer shape to hide:

Amixt his peares and Appletrees,
a loathsum life to bide.

Persephone
wife of Pluto
snatcht from
Ceres gather-
ing of flou-
ers.

Suche fainted with her virgines spoyle,
Persephone late downe:

Beside the bankes of Aena hill,
amongst the leaues so browne.

Suche

Phriswic

Suche at the Riuer Zanthus llee,
 in Ida full of Trees:
 OEnone with her felowe Nymphes,
 fate leanyng on her knees.
 Suche wearie with the spoyle of beastes,
 on toppe of Cynthus hill:
 Diana staide by Cephalus,
 together slept their fill:
 The Persian Gyges would be glad,
 to see so faire a face:
 And leaue Candanes wife alone,
 her Curcoloe to imbrace.
 The Athanian Tymon would reioyce,
 to fare a face to bewe:
 And notwithstanding all his hate,
 would soone for mercie rewe.
 If Hercules beholde the bewe,
 he might mistake the bed:
 And for his tender Omphale,
 a fairer Ladie wedd:
 And Paris, for Oenones sake,
 his faire Phriswida serue:
 Whiche better they so poore a name,
 a Princes doe deserue.
 And Pluto in his Stygian denne,
 and Phæbus in the Skye:
 From Tartare and Olympus toppe,
 for suche a shape would hye.
 And peeuishe Pan with Saryres swift,
 and Faunus would be prest:
 To intertaine within their caues,
 so faire a woman guelt:
 A Perseus for Andromeda,
 Shall neuer want to blade:
 Eneas for Lauinia,
 will neuer seeke the shade.

Oenone, Paris
 wife.

Cephalus, a
 Shepheard
 giuen to his
 ting.

Gyges, ac-
 quanted
 with the pri-
 uities of Can-
 danes wife,
 Queene of
 Persia.

Tymon, a de-
 spiser of man
 kinde.

Hercules a
 strong Cha-
 pion, iee his
 12. Laboures.

Paris of
 Troye, Hector
 his brother.

Pluto kyng
 of hell, luppis-
 ter and Nox
 tunc his bro-
 ther.

Saryres swift,
 outhertise
 Iuecoates.

Andromeda
 was belme-
 red by the

Champion
 Perseus, from
 a monster of

the Sea.
 Turus and
 Aneas laught

for Lauinia
 Latinus
 daughter.

Phriswit.

Proserpina, a
name of Per-
sephone and
Diana.

Prometheus,
a Southsa-
per.
Veste and
Cybele pro-
phesied at
Rome.

Alcumena,
Ioues compa-
nion.

Semyle beto-
ued of Iuppiter,
on whom
he begat
Bacchus.
Iole, Iuppiter
his minion.

And Pluto for Proserpina,
will venter life and limme:
And loose the one, or gaine the face,
whose beautie shines so trimme.
The confluence of sundrie gifts,
doe seldome come together:
The strife of natures stately workes,
are well compared hether:
A mightie mole of beauties beames,
are packt vpon your face:
So honge that nature waxeth pale,
to witnesse in the case.
What beautie doe imbudge your cheekes,
a constant rumoz speakes:
A rumoz whiche the appie Cloudes,
and Gloabe Olympian beakes.
But slowe at first, but when the hute,
whose bloome about the Skye:
It filde the eares of all the Goddess,
with tales whiche did not lye.
From tyme of olde Prometheus birth,
and slowe Deucalions flood:
From Vestas and Cybeles yeares,
whiche Rome surnamed good:
From Chaos first confused heape,
I neuer heard the praise:
So mightie as this Gode of yours,
these many thousande daies.
You haue Alcumenas cherrie cheekes,
Auroras shynng face:
Europas, Lunas, Semyles,
whom smooother lookes doe grace,
Lucinas, Ladas, Ioles.
whose names disdaines to dye,
And beautie to increase their fame,
haue numbred in the Skye.

Rose.

To you are dreadfull dames,
and faire Hyellas he we:
Hyemas voice, Hillarias witte,
and all the Cyprian crewe.
The maides of Greece and Thessalie,
if thei shall seeme to striue,
Maie soone perceiue what heauenlie lookes,
their beauties shall depprue.
It is not for Aurora faire,
to matche her face with thync:
Nor Venus whose hotte delightes,
are soone prouokte by Wine.
Nor yet for sweete Virginia,
whiche gaue her life to dye:
The cruell rage of Letchers luste,
in wofull wise to flye.
Your name is numbred with the liues,
of those that liues by fame:
Whom age, nor rust, nor cankered speeche,
shall hurte with direfull shame.
Whom Enuie with mordacious teethe,
nor Uiperous wooordes maie wounde:
Nor Theoniam teethe maie teare,
or venomed speeche confounde.

R O S E.

What Rose? you saunour all of Huske,
me thinkes your snoure is faire:
As if I might not to your light,
without some gifte repaire.
In deede your colour doe excell,
and moze then courtly grace:
The spozte and pleasure of the Goddess,
appeares aboute your face.

G. iij.

The

Hyellaa faire
maide.
Hyema one
of the Sirenes
or Here-
maides.

Virginia, see
the hystorie
of Appius
Claudius.

Rose.

The Rose is that whiche finer gaudes,
 doe picke vpon their heare:
 Whiche idle maides aboute the streates,
 within their lappes doe beare.
 Whiche Nape strewes in Venus bowler,
 and pathes for her delight:
 The onely sweete and precious flower,
 that swaies in euery sight.
 With them the Summer Ladies frames,
 a garlande for their kynes:
 Of them their posies freshe and gaie,
 vnto their Lordes thei bynges.
 From them thei doe expresse the ioice,
 to laue their tender handes:
 No hearbe so muche in Venus grace,
 and Floras fauour standes.
 Rose is the flower whose fragrant budde,
 maie please the proudest eye:
 Whose freshe delight and vermant bewie,
 maie Venus place supplie.
 To whose imbreathynge leaues of Huske,
 the Persian kynes doe smell:
 In whom bothe loue and all the goddes,
 doe seeme adored well.
 Rose is the Rose whose name is Rose,
 because her cheekes bee safte:
 Whose breath Rose leaues, whose pappes Rose buds,
 whose Rose perfumes the aire.
 Whiche is this Rose, whose Roseall cheekes,
 doe make Aurora blusher:
 If Rose tree be too proude a name,
 she heares the Primerose bulsh.
 The fairest names that I haue redde,
 was haltpng Vulcans wife:
 Europas, in whose ruddie cheekes,
 dame Natures giftes were rife.

The Persians
 most delicate
 banquetters.

Venus.

Danie

Rose.

Dame Leda whiche to Letcher Ioue,
did open all her shame:
And he arraide in Swannishe pennes,
unto her frendshippe came.
And Luna with End mion,
in cabine cloasely laye:
Her beautie to his gilltie eyes,
by Moone shine to betraye.
And Venus to her champion Mars,
in brightnesse did appeare:
But you would well haue staine the state,
of all the beauties heare.
It is not her imboulstered hedde,
that I commende to fame:
Her face, her nose, her roulyng eyes,
whiche Nature can not shame.
Her chinne, her cheekes, her Iuerie necke,
whiche cummyng arte contrines:
But liuely vertue with the reste,
her soueraignes giftes reuiues.
It is not her affected speeche,
that I esteeme so well.
Her Caules, her Spanges, her Tinsell Coytes,
although thet doe excell.
Her Ringes, her Ruffes, her Spanishe lutes,
her sweete surmoathed face:
But that whiche vertue addes thereto,
her colour mixt with grace.
Her beautie takes, a peece of loue,
a peece of Hebes hewe:
A peece of Io. a peece of Ops,
a peece of Venus crewe.
A peece of all whiche haue in printe,
their figured formes appeare:
And thus peecemeale, or peece by peece,
your beautie haue no peare.

Latinus Fnd
dimio a seth
saier by the
Moone.

See the his
torie of Mars
and Venus.
How the god
des behelde
the tumbling
in a Pette of
Iron prepa
red by Muls
ceber.

Hebe the
goddesse of
youth.
Io. transferd
into a Cowe,
Ops the mo
ther of the
Goddess.

Sufanna.

A parte to many brought to one,
 must make the beste excell:
 One perfected with diuerse giftes,
 of force must needes doe well.
 The summe and whole of all delightes,
 within you haue tane place:
 As well appeares who euer betwes,
 your sweete high templed face.
 Commende your self to Limbo laake,
 there flames will rest to fight:
 The Furies will reiecte their brandes,
 and take in your delight.
 Commende your bodie to the Skye,
 and Venus bzeast will boile:
 And wishe you were discuste to hell,
 whose beautie hers doe soile.
 It is a spote to see how spight,
 contendes to vanquish he we:
 How pride despiseth all the poore,
 and lones them selues to bewe.
 You calme the fierce, and frette the faire,
 so roundly roules your eye:
 And those that feattes would wishe their want,
 your plentie might supplie.

Lymbo a
 laake of hell.
 The Furies
 Alesto, Tyfyz
 phon, Megera

SUSANNA.



Wake whom care could neuer call,
 my eyes from heauie sleepe:
 Noz trompettes founde oz visions vaine,
 that shewes in silence deepe.
 No larmmes loude oz dubbyng drummes,
 noz childzens carefull crie:
 No clamours of the Corybantes,
 that bzaies to bzeake the Skies.

Susanna.

No frightes or dreames in deapth of night,
but her outragious name:
Whose beautie maie commende her cheekes,
vnto immortall fame.
O sacred Susan fit for loue,
and mother vnto skill:
I maruaile what ambitious minde,
thy beautie doe ill will.
I maruaile what surpassyng dame,
malignes thy wonderoule face:
A miracle to mooue the Goddes,
to sewe for secrete grace.
Aurora rising in the East,
Matura leaues the Skye:
I sawe when Lunas Lampe arose,
dame Vesper ganne to flye.
When Venus hauntes her in the ayre:
the Nymphes departes awaie:
Where Susan strides, it is no boote,
for other Dames to staie.
The cause of this thy cruell hate,
I made a scribe to thee:
For what renowne of other Dames,
doe enuie loue to see?
What price? what glorie of thy face,
doe enuie loue to praise?
He neuer reares but what is built,
he loues the worke to raise.
This enuie sittes in highest roomes,
to sighe whereat he sees:
He sighes and pines to see the faire,
contende to highe degrees.
He spightes and pines at others praise,
whom honoz seemes to deke:
And would that fortune should consent,
their loslie lookes to checke.

W. s.

This

Matura, the
dauning of
the daye.
Luna, the
Moone.
Vesper, the
euenyng.

Enuie on
high.



Susanna.

Iuno Quene
of heauen,
wife vnto
Iuppiter.

Latona, a
name of Dia-
na.

Polyphemus.

Busiris, a
bocherly
tyrant.

Iloppe, a de-
formed fa-
bier.

Ixion the
sonne of Tan-
talus rackt
vpon a whele,
for discou-
ering the sport
which he had
with Iuno.
Tantalus, a
tormented
soule with
hunger and
thirst.

This enuie made Antigona,
with Iuno to contende

This pride or enuie moues the goddes,
their plagues abroade to sende.

This pride puffed vp, Dame Niobe,
Latona to disdain:

Whiche yet bewailes her wicked facte,
and sweattes surmised raine.

If any seekes to blot her praise,
their beauties both maie trye:

Doe false it were where naught anayles,
for succor for to flye.

If any thinkes to beare the praise,
thus muche I sweare by Ioue:

The victor is the fairest dame,
that now her steppes doe moue.

If Cyclops saw her comely lookes,
he would exul for tope:

Which leades a thousand thrailles to death,
with Pollaxe to destroye.

If bloodie blacke Busyris sawe,
his wrath would turne to rage:
And fiercenesse vnto flames of Ioue,
his fancie to asswage.

Like Iloppees Coate it would hym swell,
and like his Coate to breake:

Whiche more then her diuine aspecte,
against her seemes to speake.

I would be might for talke to muche,
Ixions racke supplic:

Whiche is vpon a rotyng wheele,
in midst of hell to dye.

The thirst of hungrie Tantalus,
be on his emptie throte:

Whiche doe exproue against her praise,
one undeserued noate:

Sufanna.

The hungrie Vulture eate his fleſhe,
 and with Promotheus paine:
 Let his vneaten fleſhe be rent,
 and eaten, ſpring againe.
 If Roome were full of honeſt maides,
 as it is full of faire:
 What man to Roome to ſecke a ſhape,
 would not with ſpeede repaire.
 But liſte their Romane dames bee fine,
 and Pride is ioinde with ſpight.
 In Englande for the honeſt wiſes,
 wee fetche our whole delight.
 More maides then Dauid, ſaies the ſeſte,
 God graunt that Hal bee one:
 A many ſeemes to beare the praiſe,
 whiche maides in neede be none.
 But Sufan ſeekes her riche renowne,
 by vndeſiled face:
 Wherein ſhe ſtaines the pureſt Dames,
 with ſundrye giſtes of grace.
 Who would depaint her cherrie cheekes,
 muſt call the Muſes nine:
 And from the faces of them all,
 drawe out a ſhape diuine.
 Had neede aſſemble all the Nymphes,
 to make her beautie faire:
 Whoſe face deſerues to be ſublimde,
 into the loſtie aire.
 Gentilitie commendes her cheekes,
 Vrania ſmoother her ſpeeche:
 Auromaticke and baulmed woxes,
 her myſtioneſſe ſeemes to teache.
 Arabian ſpice perfumes her breath,
 Hymettus woxes doe ſpeake:
 And what ſhe workes maie be eſteemde,
 that loue his ſtrength doe ſay.

Vulture, a
 Stoiche.
 Prometheus
 liuer deuou-
 red with
 Stoiches.
 Roome, fa-
 mous for
 ſeuer pouths
 and faire
 gules.

England
 commended
 for honeſtie.

See Virgill
 for the ſene-
 rall Uſes of
 the nine
 Muſes.

Vrania, a
 Muſe.

Hymettus, a
 place for
 Bees and
 home.

Sufanna.

I can not see but he that sees,
maie praie her princely face:
But he that sees maie frame pursute,
and followe after grace.
I can not see but natures giftes,
are all transferd to her:

And that with Venus blusfyrng cheekes,
her beautie maie conferre.

Let Iris vaunt her in the Skye,
with colours freshe and greene:

Let Venus of her rosell cheekes,
with Lillies strewde betweene.

Let Pallas of her shield and speare,
let Iunos cepter shake:

Whereby she puttes the soules in feare,
and makes the skies to quake.

Let Hebe of her youthly peares,
let Circe of her spellles:

Wherewith the starres from out their course
and Poone she oft compelles:

Let freshe Aurora vaunt her cheekes,
Europa boast her hewe:

Lucina bragge that she is best,
and strue for honour dewe.

Let trippng downe their tenerous dales,
the Nymphes approche to fight:

And shoue howe farre thei doe excell,
eache other earthly wight.

Thei can not matche Sufannas fame,
whiche beyng voyde of peere:

Above all other earthly Damies,
is moste commended here.

What if the elders thee accuse,
a boye shall set thee free:

Some Prophees ting, some Daniell,
thy liues defence shall bee.

Iris the Raine-
bow, Quene
Iunos mes-
sendger.

Pallas war-
like, other-
wise Bellona.

Circe, a soze-
rer or witch.

Lucina, pre-
sident of
Childbirth,
or growng
of women.

Daniell, a
yong Pro-
fete.

Some

Thomafen.

Some one vngiltie of the crime,
shall saue thee from the shame:
And leaue a lastyng monument,
to Israell of thy name.

THOMASEN.

TRiumpht THOMASEN where art thou,
what: drounde in I ethe laake?
What: Buried in obliuion,
of whom suche price we make.
Naie, rather fame enroules your name,
within the azure Skie:
And Rumour bzutes thy prasse abroad,
whose name shall neuer dye.
I knowe not what the mightie goddess,
in thee haue shapte diuine:
I knowe not what the Muses markes,
and doe thereat repine.
I knowe not what concernes the goddess,
and staines Aglaias grace:
But sure I am thou hast a faire,
and well condightened face.
A pledge for faire Polixena,
thou mightst bee sent to Greece:
To stape or els redeeme to Troie,
a wilde and baser peece.
From Greece thou mightst bee snatchte a waie,
and brought a bride to Troie:
Whom Paris in his Shepherdes armes,
for Oenon might enioie.
To thee dame Cresside was but course,
Bracilla base of hewe:
Virginia baine, Lucina light,
the Nimphes a needlesse crewe.

H. iij.

I ethe a laake
of forgetful-
nesse.

Aglaia a
Grace.

Polixena a
Crotā maide
deliuered to
the Greekes
in exchange
of Hellen.
Se the histo-
rie of h̄ cape
of Helen.
Cressid an
vntrue louer
of Troilus.
Bracilla a
Romaine
virgine.
Virginia de:

You



Thomafen.

Scoured of
Appius Clau-
dius.

Hyllaria a
pleasaunt
Nimphie.

Apollos harp
a figure in the
Element cal-
led Lyra.

Chio one of
the Muses.

Minerva La-
die of lear-
ning.

Homer an
heroicall
Poet.

Virgill an
heroicall
Poet.

Ouide and
Tibullus
versifiers.

Phæbus the
father of
learning.

Mercurie the
spirite of E-
loquence.

Snada the
best of per-
suasion.

Melpomene
a Muse.

Erato a Muse.

You are the corne, the empirie bulles,
and chaffe discusse awaie:

Whose face vnto our ioyfull eyes,
presentes the liuely daie.

Hyllaria hanges aboute thy necke,
Clementia moues thy breste:

Thy filed phrase and oyled wordes,
Apollos harpe doe wieste.

A Snada sweete, a Clyo cleare,
a Velta boide of giste:

Whiche knowes not what concernes the Rpng,
nor what concernes the Tilt.

I would I had Minervas witte,
for to inuent thy praise:

I would I had Homers skil,
thy thunderyng sounde to raise.

Would Virgilles or Tibullus baines,
with Ouides bearse I hadd:

You should perceiue my ragynyng wittes,
how soone they should be made:

Would Phæbus author of the Arte,
would franke effunde his skill:

Would Mercurie inspire newe byaines,
and fill me with good will.

Would Snada with Melpomene,
would scoure my durrie baine:

And Erato would whett my wittes,
to take some greater paine.

It is not one but many giftes,
the whiche I meane to praise:

Not one but sundrie sortes of giftes,
your inwarde type betraies.

By one and one, one hundred giftes,
concurres to make you shine:

And with the same, three hundred tymes,
your beautie seemes diuine.

Minerua

Thomafen.

Minerua for her onely witte,
deseru'de eternall fame:
Arachne for her smaller webbe,
recozdes her lastyng name.
Dame Ceres for her luckie tilthe,
is numbred in the skie:
And none with you their sundrie skilles,
for cunnyng dares to trie.
If Ops be praised for her age,
if Iris for her hewe:
Whereby Queene Iunos messenger,
she seemes to be the true.
If Venus for her louyng lookes,
where with she entertaines:
A thousande suiters to her bedde,
and keepes in Cupides chaines.
What lettes amongst the rarest names,
why THOMASEN should not stande:
Or els aspire aboue the praise,
of all Dianas bande.
If vertue giues increafe of name,
if Fanie bee vertues hire:
If vertue prais'de to harden ades,
if prowesse doe aspire.
Why should not pretie THOMASENS praise,
for pretie spozte be knowne:
Whose pretie fine conceipted witte,
a thousande proofes haue showne.
She is the sainte whiche if you sawe,
her picture in a glasse:
You durst to sweare her beauties baines,
Ancoras to surpasse.
She is the shape whiche if the shade,
of Venus stood her by:
Apelles would for sweare his woork,
and sweare the same to lye.

Arachne a
spinster with
Minerua.
Ceres the
prosperer of
Corne and
Tillage.

Ops Berinthia
the mother of
the goddes.

Dianas bande
of Chastitie.

Apelles a
cunning Painter,
whiche

It.

Vrsula.

Drewe the
proportion of
ladie Venus.

Arethusas a
smothe riuer.
Biblis a riuer
of water
course.
Se the histo-
rie of Danaes
Nilus a riuer
in Agypt full
of Crocadiles
Agenos his
daughter
turned into
liss.

It is her bodie well compacte,
that makes her be we so straunge:
It is her rare disposed starres,
wherein delightes doe raunge.
It is her beautie voide of pride,
that moaues our eyes to gaze:
And makes vs thinke that suche a shape,
was left a worldly maze.
Like Arethusas runnyng streames,
He flowes a Siluer vaine:
Like Biblis she bedewes the breast,
as mettle Ioue did raine.
Like Nylus she fecundes the feedes,
and laues the Egiptian lande:
Whiche full of whinyng Crocadyles,
and Snaakes and wormes doe stande.
Unluckie wenche, Agenos maide,
was turnde into a Cowe:
Of colour white and like to pource,
whiche Nature taught to lowe.
Pour whitely face persufde with redde,
would moue the goddes to plaie:
A Heighfer of so faire a face,
can neuer walke a straie.

VR SVLA.

V knowne and faire, faire VR SVLA yeldes
a brightnesse like the Sunne:
The goddes were sportyng in their beddes,
what tyme her twiste was spunne.
Of too muche dotage on their wiues,
did dimme their heauenly sight,
To choose their lottes a greate deale worse,
and leaue some rare delight.

Her

Vrsula.

Her faire is Cynosuras face,
whiche that of nothyng heares:
When other starres doe bade awaie,
her blessed light appeares.
She scoffes and enuies at their lookes,
that standes in Venus grace:
Though other starres doe fall awaie,
she keepes her wonted place.
I knowe not what her name intendes,
but sure her face is faire:
And fame is greater then her face,
more worthe then Venus chaire.
And though her fame were false in deede,
her fame could neuer lye:
Whiche of it self compelles the cloudes,
and strikes the azure Skie.
A sparyng speeche unlike the truthe,
belyes thei noble fame:
A tatyng talke whiche telles not all,
but rather spoiles thy name.
A runnyng rumour speaks thy praise,
noe riser then it should:
It runnes in deede whiche leaues behinde,
the better parte vntolde.
I see not what but suche a shape,
would seeke a smother vaine:
I see not what but milder thoughtes,
within her bzeast doe raigne.
I see not what but where she lookes,
she leades their myndes awaie:
And makes them like a masked flye,
aboute her beames to plaie.
What meruaile if so many pointes,
and saies, my sweete farewell:
Their goes a goddesse whose aspecte,
faire Hellen doe excell.

A.s.

Beholde

Cynosura, the
lesser beare
of a signe in
heauen.



Vrsula.

Hellen Menes
laus wife pro-
mised to Pa-
ris.

The Scorpis
ons sting.

Persia fa-
mouse for
wealth.

Ariadna
brought vp
into a starre
by Bacchus.
Hellen Mene-
laus wife.

Venus beau-
tifull.

Leda mother
to Castor and
Pollux.

Beholde a beame or blazpnyng Starre,
beholde her heauenly hewe:
Whiche if she bee not like the Moone,
I knowe not whom so trewe.
She dartes vs with her dauntypng eyes,
and makes our hartes to bleede:
And makes vs seeke a salue of her,
whiche did the cursed deede.
The Scorpion where he stinges the fleshe,
he heales the wounde againe:
And makes vs sewe where we were plague,
to ease our deadly paine.
If that her lotte were like her lookes,
she could not want for loue:
The Graces and the heauenlie ioyes,
within her limmes doe moaue.
Her vertues doe arrate her price,
to bee of Parsian golde:
And if we bought her with our blood,
she were not dearely solde.
If Ariadnas flickryng face,
were nombred in the Skie:
If Hellens, whose excedypng fame,
for beautie shall not dye.
If loue haue pietie on the beames,
whose brightnesse beares the bell:
Why should not she emongst the Starres,
a heauenly face excell.
If Venus for her vernant hewe,
deserues a place of blisse:
If Leda whom the letcher loue,
rewarded with a kisse.
Why should not she aduance her hedde,
amongst the bruest dames:
Whiche by the vertue of their cheekes,
haue spreade their noble fames.

Vrsula.

Peruse her well you shall perceiue,
she was a Monarches childre:
That louely Venus gaue her sucke,
with sirrupes sweete and milde:
That sweete Melissa rocked her limmes,
and sung her eyes a sleape:
And that the Nymphes did traine her vp,
vnto her strength to creape.
That Pallas did instructe her bzaines,
and teacht her how to spinne:
And luckly Fortune gaue her power,
the hardest hardest hartes to winne.
That Bacchus and Apollo bright,
adde Cupide cleare of hewe:
For whom so many Nymphes were wꝛath,
bee glad for her to sewe.

τελθ.

Finis. Amen.

Melissa Iupiter his nurse,
transferde in
to a goate in
heauen.

Pallas Ladie
of learnyng.

Bacchus, Apollo and
Cupide, there
alwaies
youthfull.

